

Forgiveness

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Summary: The confrontation between Macleod and Methos, and the differences in their beliefs.

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The following is purely fanfiction

The following is purely fanfiction. I am making no money. This is just my ideas of how certain events took place. The characters used here are the property of Rhysler Entertainment. This story somehow fits into the last commercial of "Not To Be". Feel free to send me your ideas of this story. It was my first time, so enjoy.

FORGIVENESS

Duncan Macleod considered himself a sound sleeper. Precious few things ever startled him from his slumber. One thing however always had and always would wake him was the presence of another immortal. That spine tingling; ear ringing tell-tale sign of another of his kind nearby.

He had barely shot from his bed and grabbed his sword when the door opened rather quickly. Four hundred years of fighting; surviving had taught him to always be on guard. Also after four hundred years the only thing that came to mind was his signature greeting, "I'm Duncan Macleod of the clan Macleod."

"Well I'm sure as hell not the Avon lady," the other man said as he walked out of the shadows.

"Methos! What are you doing here? It's four o'clock in the morning."

The five thousand-year-old man gingerly walked across the foyer of

Macleod's barge discarding his coat by the door. From his right hand Methos pulled a beer from a six pack and pitched it to Macleod. Since Alexa had passed away Methos had two passions in life. They were beer and the consumption of beer. Macleod hated how much Methos drank. Part of him feared that the oldest immortal would lose his head one day while too drunk to defend himself. But who was he to tell a man almost as old as time how to live.

"What brings you here, Methos?" Macleod was a good friend, but suspicions still ran high where Methos was concerned.

"Someone was following me and your barge was closer than my apartment."

"So you led whoever it is to my home. Thanks a lot. When the Gathering is upon us I won't be able to fight your battles."

"Is that what you think I'm doing? Go to!" Methos' sentence was cut short by the sensation of another immortal's presence.

Macleod pulled on a pair of black sweat pants and headed for the door. Sword in hand he walked into the cold Paris night air. Shaking his head Methos followed.

On the other end of the plank a tall heavy set man was waiting with a sword held in front of him. "I'm Zoltan Lazlo."

Stepping from the shadows, Macleod responded, "I know who you are."

"Macleod. I'm not here for you. All I want is the runt behind you."

"Well you can't have him. Go away or challenge me."

"I see you're still in the business of protecting cowards. How's Brian Cullen these days?"

Anger flooded Macleod as memories of Cullen washed over him. He was once Macleod's best friend, but fear and drugs destroyed the man who was once the greatest swordsman in all of Europe. Taking Cullen's head was one of the hardest things the Highlander ever had to do.

As Macleod stepped forward raising his sword, Methos grabbed his arm spinning Macleod around. "His challenge was to me. Remember the rules. You can't interfere."

"But!"

"But nothing Macleod. As you said, you can't fight my battles for me." Walking past Macleod, Methos looked at Lazlo and said, "Come on, Chubby. My beer's getting warm."

The two men walked towards the tunnel, and Macleod watched their silhouettes fade into the darkness. Suddenly the unmistakable sound of steel on steel echoed down the Seine. Macleod could only see an occasional spark from the two swords connecting. Macleod realized that the second time he met Methos he almost took the ancient immortal's head in the same place he was fighting now.

Inside the tunnel Methos fought with a passion he had thought long gone. Fueled by his anger at Macleod he felt unbeatable. He swung his sword wildly, fighting as one possessed. However Lazlo was no slouch. Contrary to his appearance he was down right good. No matter what Methos threw at him, he managed to defend himself almost effortlessly. After several minutes of fierce combat Methos lost his balance and Lazlo's sword embedded in Methos' abdomen. Lazlo pushed Methos backwards and swung for the fatal blow. Reeling from the gapping wound in his stomach Methos spun on his heels and swung wide.

Standing on the edge of the barge Macleod heard the undeniable sound of steel shattering. Suddenly lighting ripped through the walk way and smoke billowed from the tunnel. Sparks flew dazzlingly in the air. Macleod feared the worst. He'd met Lazlo in San Francisco over a hundred years ago, and rumor was he was good. The lightning dissipated and a figure emerged from the smoke. The tall thin frame held up by stubbornness and his sword, which he used as a cane. Methos took a few steps, crumbled over, and died.

Macleod was standing at his liquor cabinet pouring a single malt when the air rushed into Methos' mouth. As he examined his bloodied and ruined clothing he sarcastically remarked, "Dying sucks. This was a new sweater."

"At least you still have your head," Macleod said as he handed Methos a beer.

"Then I have everything I suppose."

Macleod knew Methos well enough to see that something was troubling him, and he also knew that the ancient immortal would never volunteer his thoughts. "What do you want, Methos?"

"Well I thought we were friends."

"We are friends, but I know you rarely come around without a reason."

Anger tore though Methos' mind. "Damn you, Macleod! When are you going to forget what happened with Kronos and let it die."

"I may have forgiven you for that, Methos, but I will never forget."

"Why? Is judging me to much like looking in the mirror?" Methos' temper flared. He respected Macleod probably more than he had anyone else in five thousand years, but he could not accept the Highlanders tendancies to judge. "Does the name Stephan Keane mean anything to you?"

"Hardly the same, Methos, and you know it."

"Do I? You claim difference because you were at war, but you know the war was over. Just because your slaughter was in the name of revenge that makes it better."

"NO! It does not make it better, but I live with what I did every day of my life."

"So do I, Macleod. I've never claimed to be a saint. Nor do I try to be anything different from what I am. Everyone sees you as this boy scout with your rules, but your rules are always at your convenience. As Adam Pearson I've read your chronicles. I know what you've done."

"Yet I know nothing about you. What little I have discovered I found out during you're time with Kronos. You set me up to kill him because you couldn't"

"Isn't that exactly what you did to me when Kristen was after Ritchie?"

"I did no such thing." Macleod could fill himself being cornered.

"As I recall you invited me along when you went after her. Why? You knew that you couldn't kill her, but you knew I wouldn't have any moral dilemma about it."

"It wasn't like that!"

"It was exactly like that. That is the problem with you, Macleod. You judge people constantly for the same sins you are guilty of. You killed Haresh Clay because he killed Graham Ashe and insulted you. Tommy Sullivan killed that fighter because he felt insulted. Then when Sullivan did what he felt he had to do, you killed him. He was your friend and you killed him because he didn't have the same morals you have."

Guilt and anger boiled inside Macleod. It was true. He had killed many people he had once called friend. It was something he never enjoyed. However he had always felt that his actions were justified. Justification had never made it any easier though.

Methos could see the crack in Macleod's armor and thundered away even harder. "O.K. Granted Brian Cullen was trying to kill you, but what about Sullivan, Gabriel, and all the rest? Why? Because they did something you didn't approve of."

"They were killing mortals." Macleod could feel himself reaching his breaking point. Will and determination was fighting to keep himself in check. Methos was entitled to his opinion.

"They were killing mortals defending their beliefs. It doesn't matter how screwed up their beliefs were, because you have killed for your beliefs. Some would consider your beliefs to be somewhat messed up, but that doesn't give them the right to come try to kill you. As far as just killing mortals for no reason, do you honestly believe Amanda never had a job go wrong and had to kill someone? Or better yet, how about Darius."

"Don't go there, Methos. I'm warning you."

"Or what? Are you going to take my head for having an opinion? I knew Darius for two thousand years. I rode with him and Grayson across two continents. Of course back then he was called Darius the Mad. I saw that man do things that make me nauseous to even think about now. You speak so reverently about him, but he and I were no different. And he knew it."

"But he changed."

"And I haven't. Sorry I didn't kill the greatest immortal that ever lived and get a Light Quickenin to change me. His name was H'toth. He had been my friend for twenty-five hundred years."

Amid Methos' torrent of words a sheepish, "Stop," slipped from Macleod's lips.

"No I won't stop. You're going to here every word until you understand!" and Methos' words ended. Looking at the Highlander and seeing the tears roll down his face, Methos knew Macleod finally understood. The cold hard truth was like a brick being slammed against his skull. Inside of himself, Macleod felt a turmoil the likes of which he had never known. All he could say was a mournful, "I'm sorry." Sorry to all the ones he had judged. Sorry to all the ones he had hurt in those judgings. But most importantly to those he had killed for those judgings.

Methos walked to his friend and handed him a beer. "I'm sorry I had to do that. I'd just gotten tired of being looked down on by the only man in this world I respect. I know you are a good man. Even better than Darius because you didn't have help becoming who you are."

The two immortals stood in silence for what seemed an eternity transfixed by the revelations that had been discovered. After a while Macleod opened his beer and took a large drink. He then looked at Methos. Looked at him the way he always felt one should look at a five thousand year old man. "I don't know who or what you are, Methos, and I know you don't want to hear this. But you did teach me something. You taught me that life is about change. About learning to accept who you are good or bad. I thank you for that."

The two men then spent the rest of the night and the next day simply talking. Talking like old friends who had known each other forever. They told each other things that they had never told anyone before. Since they had met their friendship had been tested greatly, but no more. Their friendship would last. Of course until there could be only one.

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file.